

Obi, My One True Lifebond Love: A Slash Parody

by Some Jedi Girl

Category: Star Wars
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-09-14 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-09-14 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:28:42
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,467
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A parody. A precious tale of two Jedi in love.

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> <meta name="Generator"> Obi, My One True Lifebond Love

Disclaimer: These characters do not belong to moi. They belong to George Lucas. And he would never have them doing this sort of thing, I swear it.

This is a parody. I'm just poking a little fun.

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Obi, My One True Lifebond Love. A Slash Parody.

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The crystalline-violet moons of Jularria hang heavy in the sky as Qui-Gon Jinn and his 23-year-old apprentice, Obi-Wan Kenobi, exit their Republic transport. Their eyes are steely with determination. This is a very important mission. All kinds of horrible things are happening on Jularria, and acres upon acres of people are dying on a regular basis.

As they walk towards the waiting delegation of Jularrians, Qui-Gon looks down at his young and handsome Padawan. He sees how Obi-Wan's sandy redâ€|no, wait, it's blondeâ€|no, a light brownishâ€|well anyway, Obi-Wan's short bristly hair gleams in the intoxicating moonlight. "My, how young and beautiful he is," Qui-Gon thinks. "I only wishâ€|NO! The Code forbids it!"

Young Obi-Wan sneaks a peek at his tall, strong master as he pads down the rampway. "How tall, strong and manly he is," he thinks. "And that long, silky hair! I can't wait until I am a full Jedi Knight, because then and only then will I be free toâ€|.NO! I mustn't think such things! What if he doesn't want me, what if I am refused, Oh,

woe is me!"

The Jularrian leader suddenly approaches the two Jedi (who are strangely distracted by inner demons and lust for such a heavy mission, dontcha think). The Chief is surrounded by armed guards, all of whom point their weapons at Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. The Jularrian raises a hand and speaks.

"Stop, Jedi! We have a custom on our planet," he intones. "We are not used to outsiders. We can only take them one at a time. So we have to kill one of you. We'll accept the survivor's judgments and negotiations." He starts tapping his toe. "Hurry up and decide."

Obi-Wan puts on a shocked face. "Strange, isn't it Master, that we didn't know this before we arrived here?"

"Yes, my Obi," says Qui-Gon calmly. "But we have to do it, my young Padawan. The fate of this planet depends upon it. I myself will be killed."

"No!" Heart-wrenching, etc. "But I, I,"

The Jularrian leader looks at Obi-Wan slyly. "Hey, I'll change my mind if I can I buy that young guy from you. He's pretty tasty. I'd make everyone stop all the wars and everything, too. Some deal, huh?"

Obi-Wan raises his chin at the alien's words. "I am prepared to do it, for the sake--"

"No!" Qui-Gon cuts him off harshly. "I will not allow such a thing." The master looks very menacing as he says this. He will not let his Obi be taken from him, even if the fate of a planet depends on it. "Just show us what we must do."

"Well, if you're sureâ€|" The Jularrian shrugs. "We'll kill you tomorrow, because we know you have business to get down to tonight." He winks suggestively.

Obi-Wan begins speaking along their master/apprentice bond, because he suddenly can. //Master, butâ€"//

//Hush, my sweet Padawan, trust me.//

Obi-Wan (strangely enough since he is almost a Jedi Knight, after all, and has been through a lot and surely seen many things) suddenly becomes meek and shy. He bows his head. "Yes Master."

Our two heroes are led by some scantily clad males (or females, it doesn't matter) to a lush chamber. Since it's Qui-Gon's last night alive, the aliens are prepared to be generous. The two Jedi are left alone.

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan look at each other. Obi-Wan's greenâ€|no, wait, they're blueâ€|nope, greenish-blueâ€|well, whatever color they are, his eyes are shining with tears and long-hidden desire.

For his part, Qui-Gon's eyes are darkening with passion. //I could not bear to lose you, my Padawan// he sends. //I would rather die

first.//

Obi-Wan, crying like a girl, flies into his Master's arms.

::commence weeping, dear reader!::

At this point, there begins a long and drawn-out sex scene, with much rubbing of brown/browny-pink nipples, many searing kisses, and so forth. There is gasping and stuff. At some point, Qui-Gon (or Obi-Wan, it really doesn't matter which) will reach for a conveniently-placed bottle of oil. Then commences the stretching, and the REAL huffing and puffing.

Shining pearly drops of liquid are lovingly kissed from straining erections. Balls are hefted gently. Navels are licked. Asses are fucked.

There is an explosion of light, and hoarse cries of passion as climaxes ensue.

//Oh?//

//OH!//

//etc.//

THE NEXT MORNING

The Jularrian leader (we never told you his name, because it doesn't matter; the whole purpose of the story was to get two Jedi into bed together, not to tell a story or anything) opens the door to the Jedi's room. The two naked men are snuggled against each other lovingly, dreaming of an alternate universe where they can be lifebonded forever.

"We have decided not to kill your old man," the Chief says with tears shining in his eyes. "We did not realize the depth of your love for each other. We're kind of a backwards planet, and we don't really like this man/man thing, but you have Changed Our Minds!"

Qui-Gon nods sternly. "Thank you." He won't look Obi-Wan in the eye.

A FEW DAYS LATER ON CORUSCANT

What, you say? What happened with the mission? Who cares! I didn't have time to think it up! Let's just say it was solved and everyone was happy.

Except for our two heroes.

Obi-Wan is angsting heavily. His master has ignored him for days. The poor lil' fella is all torn up on the inside, because his master only fucked him once and hasn't shown any interest since.

(Insert twenty pages of wilty, weepy, rejected Obi-Wan here.)

Qui-Gon is angsty, too, but he's not as obvious. He's just feeling pretty bad about bugging his Padawan, and wishes he could do it again, but the Code Forbids It. After all, he's known the boy since he was thirteen, didn't this make him some sort of pervert or something?

The two Jedi walk the marbled halls silently, not looking at each other. Suddenly, they are approached by Masters Mace Windu and Yoda.

The Little Green One speaks first.

"Felt your love, we have."

Qui-Gon looks up in surprise. "What? But how?"

Mace Windu rolls his eyes. "Your bond through the Force is so strong, every Jedi within a million light years can feel it. Just fuck again and get it over with, Woody Allen."

Yoda ignores the shocked look on our two boys' faces. "is, what Mace means, lifebonded, you shall be, wish it, do you?"

Obi-Wan, even though he was a strong Jedi with his own mind just weeks before, is still too shy to say anything. Tears shine in his eyes as he gazes at his feet. "Well, I don't knowâ€¦"

Qui-Gon grabs his Padawan by the shoulders and turns the younger man to face him. "Oh, my most-beloved-Obi-bondmate-love, I wish it."

Obi-Wan, eyes shining now with love, is happy but still tongue-tied. Where the hell did all his Jedi training and discipline go? When did he turn into such a whiny, clingy bag of mush? WHO CARES! He looks at his master. "Oh, Master, I love you," he cries, throwing himself into the taller man's arms once again.

Qui-Gon drags his most-beloved-Obi-bondmate off to their quarters for some hot monkey lovin'. We hear, wafting back to our ears as they prance off down the hallway in homosexual bliss, a small voice:

"Furthermore, my soul-bond-love-Qui, I don't think you look a _thing_ like Woody Allen."

Meanwhile, Mace Windu turns to Yoda. "Since when did we start having 'lifebonds' with each other? And since when the fuck did we let Masters and Apprentices get it on without dropping the hammer, and hard?"

Yoda sighs wisely. "Ask me, do not. Thrown him out of the Jedi Order, we should have. But mushy endings, those girls love."

So do ya want more? Bwa ha ha ha ha!

End
file.